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HISTORY OF THE KENTUCKY CLUB OF DALLAS INC.

Mammy was seemingly in rather a musical mood a few evenings ago as with an old fashion watering pot in her hand she went about sprinkling her small flower beds at the front and sides of her cabin in her Miss Anne's back yard.

The beds contained a little patch of vari-colored Phlox scattered through the grass, a small space covered with old fashion Patchula Moss typical of old time negro flower beds in the old states, a few crimson Verbenas, a clump of pink and white Hollyhocks, a morning glory vine draping itself over a whitewashed frame at the side of the door. A Honey-suckle in full bloom running riot over the dividing fence separating the alley from her back yard. There is a China-berry tree in full bloom offering a shade for the little room, and as she caught a whiff of the fragrant little purple blossoms, she sniffed and said half audibly "Umph! Umph! dese little blossoms sho does smell sweet in dis evenin' air, an' I ain't nuvver is heered de Mockin' bird sing no melojus, at which she burst into singin' softly, as if in opposition:--

De sun shines bright in My Old Kentucky Home,
'Tis summer; de darkies are gay,
De corn tops ripe and the medders are in bloom,
Whi'lst de birds make music all de day.

As she sang the last note her friend and neighbor Arizona Tucker, living in a cabin in her white folks back yard two or three blocks away appeared suddenly saying "Sis Milly dat sho is a chuneful song what you's a singin', what is de name er it?" "Land er Goshen, Arizona," exclaimed Mammy, "Yo sho did skeer me. Yo mus' a come out of no whars. I didn't even know you was on de place. De name er dat song is "My Ole Kentucky Home" an' its de themin' song er dat Kaintucky Club what Miss Annie an' Mr. Will is members of.

Miss Annie went to a meetin' of de Club day fo yistiddy and she's ben gwine 'roun singin' it ever sence, untwil it got to runnin' throo my haid, till I fin's myself bustin' out singin' it mysef, Miss Annie, she cry ever time she hear anybody singin' it. She say it minds her of ole Miss an' de ole home. Miss Annie say "dis Club is de mos' perristocratic Club in dis whole state caze Kaintucky is one er de mos' famouses State in de whole Union of States." Its got so many entitlements to make it famous, an' its allus ben noted fer 'tis beautiful women an' its fas' thory bred horses. But fur as dat go, Arizona, de whole State allus has ben an' still is noted fer its famous an' sullybrated people of one kin' an' annudder. But I ain't got time to remunerate 'em to you now. Its known fur an' wide as de blue grass region an' it is called "God's Country" caze it is so beautiful, an' effen you could see it, you would say it has got de right name specially some parts er it.

Nearly ever Kaintuckian what you meet will tell you dey is f'um de blue grass, jes lak all de Ferginny people will tell you dey is F. F. V's. We is got one neighbor, a ole man, and when Miss Annie made his quainces she say, I guess you is f'um de blue grass. His eyes sorter twinkle an' he say "No mam, I'se a Pennyriler, myself. De smell er Pennyrile is mo sweeter to me dan orange blossom. Miss Annie just sorter sniff.

"Sis Milly you say sumpin' nother 'bout Ole Kaintucky Home being de themin' song of dat Club, jes what does you mean by dat? Dats a new grammer word to me. Arizona, yo ignunce is gwinter be de death of you yit. Put yo' mine on it whi'lst I try to splamify it to you. Ever State has its own song. Jes lak Ferginny has it's "Carry me back to ole Ferginny." Injinana: "On de banks er de Wabash, " Tennessee: "Ole Folks at Home." An Texas: "De eyes of Texas is upon you." An I b'lieve dey has annudder one whut dey calls "Texas my Texas." De State is so big I reckon it don't hurt fer it to hab two songs. Don't you remember dat "Peruny" song what dat M. S. U. Mustang band played when it went wid de foot ball team all ever whar. Well dat were it's themin' song. Jes so "Ole Kaintucky Home" is dat Club's themin' song.

Dem Radio folks hab dere themin' songs too. Miss Kate Smith ben tryin' to git dat moon to come over de mountain fer ten year. Dat hour dat Mr. Eddie Cantor say he gwinter spend wid you, it's done stretch into two er three year an' I don't know how many fiddles an' o'gans been wo' out playing dat themin' song of Amos an' Andy. Now, does you understand what I means?"

Arizona, wanted to know something about the history of the Club. Mammy, of course, was pleased to furnish the information "Well, Arizona, dere's 'bout a thousand people in dis town I spose, dat come f'om dat famous State an' dey is mighty clam-mish, so 'bout f'oteen year ago some of de wimmens sont out de call fer all er de Kaintuckians in Dallas to meet an' f'om what dey call de Kaintucky Club of Dallas. Well, a whole passel of 'em flocked in to jine. Dat State has what dey calls a Motto, What means, "United We Stan's, De'vided We Falls," caze effen folks stan' togedder, dey can jes 'complish anything dey wants to do, but effen dey don't stan' ogedder dey falls down in eve'thing dey tries to do.

Well, dey war'nt no time in o'ganizing it. Eve'ybody was full er incitement an' thusiasm 'bout it an' dey drawed up a institution an' By-Laws, tellin' what de Club stan' fer an' dey wuz gwinter do. Of cose dey had to hab a pres'dent an' set officers. Miss Tyree Bell oganized it an' Mrs. Will A. Watkins were fust President an' she were a fine ex-e-cu-tor an' started 'em on de up-grade de fus year an' dey's ben clambin upards ever sence. After a few meetins dey "cided dat dey wanted to do sumpin' else sides jes meet an' be sociable an' hol' de han's an' talk er 'bout Kaintucky, so dey pernounced dat de objes er de Club were to keep er live de love fer dare native state an' to pomote a frenly feelin' 'mongst de members an' to be of service to dere State. Dat word service is a wonderful word. Dat service were to gib a scholarship to de chillen of de Pine Mountain deestrick whare right smart ignunce pervails, and whar if dey has a little he'p an' some book larnin' dey

kin take keer er dey selves, an' den he'p other to larn, an' so on an' on. De Bible say dat we passes disway but oncet and so we ought to do all de good we kin in de passin', an' dat's huc cum 'em to start dat scholarship fun, and dat means Arizona, dat dey takes some of de money out of de dues dat dey pays to b'long, an' loans it to some boy er gal, untwel dey is thoo wid it, den passes it on to some other one what couldn't git a ed- dication no other way, so you see it fo'ms itsef into a enless chain he'pin others. It's jes lak when you draps a pebble into a pool er water de riddle git wider an' wider intwel dey loses dey selves in de great eternal river of good deeds as it flows on an' on blessin' lives as it go. I should think 'twould be a fine an' happy feelin' to know dat you had he'ped somebody as you passed disway. It's a tie dat bin's de hearts of wimmen in Christian fellowship an' it's de tie dat bin's dis Kaintucky Club togedder caze dey works han' an' han' to keep it paid up.

Back yander in 1925 when de club were fus' o'ganized dere were'nt so many members but lak ever' thing dat gethers foce as it moves de membership got bigger an' bigger untwel now dere is sev'ral hundred members. Dat goes to prove de sayin', dat a rollin' stone don't gether no moss, an dere ain't a single moss back in dat club.

Enjurin of de fo'teen years er's been nine Presidents an' one life President, an' three honorary life members--de Mr. Col. R. T. Daniels, an' Mr. Joseph Leopold, an' Mrs. Josephine Obenchain. I ain't got time to nom'nate de diffent Presidents an' what dey done but all sufficient to say dat dey kep de club rollin' on a high plane an' each year has been s steppin'

stone in de foundation to de nex 'ministration.

Comin' on down to de present time de club meets de third Friday in de month at Mr. Cokesberry's Book Sto, Arizona, dat's de sto what's got de el'vator what runs by it sef. You presses a button an' it starts an' stops when an' whar it git ready. One lady got in it an' she happen to punch de wrong button ever time an' it kep lettin' her off at de wrong flo, untwel finally when she did get out de meetin' were nearly over. She say she bet she nuvver would git in dat sef movin' thing ergin long as she live. Mr. Will say dat soun' perzackly lak Miss Annie, dat she gits los' in ever place she go de sto's an' all, so dey put's a culled man to run it so's t'would stop at de right floo's

De pres'dent dis year is Miss E. B. Allen an' de club like her so well dat dey done 'lected her fer nex year too. She b'longs to dat class of wimmens dat I tol' you Kaintucky were noted fer an' she allus look good nuff to eat. She sho makes a good preseden officer, jes as cam' as a summer day, don't never git up-set an' disconfuse 'bout nuthin', jes smile an' go on. But fur as dat go, Arizona, ever 'oman in dat club is a good looker an' when dey is dressed up fer de parties an' banquets dat dey has at diffent times, go way frum here! dey is visions fer to feas' yo' eyes on.

Long wid Miss Allens dignity an' gentility she's got three fine able minded an' level haided aid-de-camps in de pussons of Miss Sanford Stewart Jr. First-Vice, Miss Belle Hughes, Second-Vice, an' Miss J. J. Kyle, Third-Vice.

You know Arizona, in all well regerlated meetins deres got to be a record of de business and de facts whut took place

so de 'cording 'secertary sets by de presdent an' takes it down an' den reads it at de nex meetin' to keep de perceedin' straight. Dere seems to be mo dan one kine er secertary. Dere is one dat ten's to de answerin' fo de communications whut come to de club. Den she writes letters er business, an' letters to de sick an' to dem whuts in sorrer, an' she congratulates dem whut gits married. She's called de Correspondin' secertary. Correspondin' means writing in caze you don't know Arizona, Mrs. S. C. Fros' is de chief writer.

Arizona, when it cums to handlin' money dere' got to be somebody what knows 'rithmetic comin' an' gwine wid a keen eye an' mine fer de job, an' dey's got the proper pusson in Miss Maud Basford. She say it takes money to run ever thing so she keeps de fack befo' de members de 'portance er payin' dey dues an' she sees dat dey pays 'em too.

Lissen to dis Arizona, in a big club lak dis one some time questions comes up what causes a good deal of argifyin' con an' pro, a good many dif'fent kine of motions to be made, fer an' aginst, an' mos' infrequent, things git pretty refreshin' an' sev'ral motions to be made an' three an' four will secon' de same motions, den de fus' thing you know sev'ral will be up on de flo' at de same time an' things git considerable stirred up, when all at oncet somebody will say, Oh! well, just put it on de table an' go on wid de perceedins. 'Bout dat time a lady wid entitlement of de Parlimentary talk rises up an' moderates de whole scussion, An' when Miss Maddox moderates, she moderates, caze she know her Parliment rules from A to izzard an' she soon straightens out de tanglements.

Den derés got to be somebody to keep account er de people what go to teas and ceptions an' entertainments. Dis official is called the Registrar an' Miss H. M. Dixon is de keeper of de gues' book, caze dats what it is when you bile it down an' she say dat mo' dan 600 already done writ dere names so fur dis year, an' she say dat's a powful fine showin'.

I tell you de Historian has got a big job keepin' track er whut de club do enjurin de year an' all de other info'mation concerning it all 'bout de upstandin' events an' ginerall news an' pictures of prominent folks. Miss Lillie V. Leonard is Historian, and Miss W. S. Kirby is de keeper of de book and she's got so much news dat when she git ready to take it to de club to read she' gwinter hab to hire a little truck to haul it an' she say she' making a marvelsome scrap book fer de club. Miss Annie had to be Historian one time an' she fuss an' fume so Mr. Will say he hope dey nevver give her 'nothin' else to do, caze she lak to run ever body crazy 'bout it.

Dere is one office what is mighty 'partic'lar an' nobody don't lectioneer for it, an' dat's call de auditors office. Umph! Umph! I sho would run er way frum it. He's got to look over de books what de Treasurer keeps enjurin de year to see effen de cash on han' correspon to whut de treasurer say it do. But b'lieve me dat Mr. Sprau has got a eagle eye an' effen dere wus any discreepencies betwixt an' between 'em he would soon skiver it, but he say he ain't nuvver skivered a single discreepancy yit

Well, Arizona, sides all er dem perficials she's got er whole passel er committees of one kine an' anudder. A regular

standing army, same as de Pres'dent of de United States an' his Congress an' his body guards an' I jes soon try to remunerate de stars in de sky as to call 'em all, but Miss Annie say dey is all important spokes in de wheel of dat Kaintucky Club.

Arizona, effen you kin git anything done fer nuthin' these days you sho has got to know how to work de rabbit's foot an' Miss Belle Hughes an' her committee sho worked it alright in makin' dat year book pay fer itself. I know all she had to do was to look outten dem poorty black eyes er hern an' de business men jes stumbled over one anudder beggin' to advertise in dat Kaintucky year book. It sho is a beauty done in purple an' gcle, wid a picture of de motto on de front, two men holdin' han' sayin' "United We Stan's, Divided We Falls". Miss Allen's potrit is in de front er de book an' it sho is a fine likeness an' favor her perzackly.

Arizona, its come to pass now adays dat ever body is got to be entertained in one way er aundder, an' when de wimmen go places effen de ain't a book preview er a tea er a card party er a movie picture dey gits up an' leaves whi'lst you is lookin' at 'em. But Miss Stewart an her committee sho understand handlin' dat situation. Dere want a one dat she ax to be on de program dat pers's her persuadin' voice an' her radiatin' smile, she knowed who she wanted an' she got 'em, an' she interjuced 'em wid a fine send off an' say dat all of 'em had entitlements to fame er some kine.

De fus one dat she ax to come in September, were a Jewish Rabbi, Dr. Rapheal Gold. Ain't dat a harmonizing name, Arizona?

His lecture had a techin' entitlement "home Land." Dat were a beautiful name an' he mus' hab. knowed what a lovely place Kaintucky is fer he said so many complimentin' things er 'bout it. Of course Miss Annie cried.

Den in October Miss Mildred Lively in her sof' voice give a book previeu called de "Citadel." It had Drs. fer de chief characters but I ain't got time to preview it lak Miss Annie tole me. 'Sides I allus wuz skeered to death er Drs. caze when you goes to 'em an' dey looks you over dey nearly allus fin's you is got sumpin' mo wusser dan you thought you had. But dis club has got some mighty fine Drs. an specializers an' lawyers an' jedges an' newspaper men an' den some jes nice plain men. Arizona, did you know dat lawyers kin prove dat you is done whut you ain't did an' vercy vicy? Dats de reason I says what I does 'bout 'em, but after all when we need 'em we hollers fer 'em.

Well, November brung 'em a little blue eyed and happy an' smilin' little 'oman, Miss Floyd Brittson, who told 'bout her trip to de lan, er camels and de men who rid 'em. But I think der were mo men dan dere wuz camels caze she had mo to say 'bout de men dan 'bout de camels. Dey ain't much to say 'bout camels an' I don't blame nobody fer not riden 'em, caze dey is so slow It wud have to be a remergency to make me rideone fer I'd be skeered I' nuvver git to whar I were gwine. Camels is sorter pitiful lookin' to me. Dey remin's me er de circus percessins dat I use'd to foller when I were a child. Miss Brittson's talk were spicy and entertainin'.

I guess Miss Daisy Cocke, thought December, bein' Christmas month she come er long tellin' de club how to be happy. I tole

Miss Annie dat were sorter lak tellin' folks how to make frien's and den knowing how to keep 'em after you gits 'em Bofe' have to be bawn in de grain, corden to my way er thinkin'. Der is sev'ral ways er bein' happy. We is got a neighbor an' Miss Annie say dat Miss Jinny nuvver is mo happier dan when she's miserable. But Miss Daisy thowed out some he'pful hints, Arizona we is got a gran'opery song bird in de club, Miss David Bachrach--"an' you feel your tears a drapin'" when she sing "Ole Kaintucky Home." an' she sung on Miss Errittsen's men an' camels program.

Dere's annudder upstandin' Jewish Rabbi, here who is loved by ever body, Dr. David Leftkowitz. His subjec' were. "Is we facin' de dusk er de dawn?" He say he were glad to come to speak to de Kaintucky Club caze he had a big spot in his heart fer dat state caze he married his wife dar'. Miss Annie say she think it mus' er ben de dawn of a new an' happy married life fer him caze he speak mighty fectionate 'bout her an' she' sho got a pooty singin' voice. He say de out look 'bout war an' de way his own peop'l wuz bein' treated over in dat fur cuntry were certainly full of distressment. I don't see how some people kin be so unhuman to others an' dat sho prove dat dere is such a thing as "man's inhumanity to man."

De nex month, here come a return missionary f'om dat furnace er war in China. Miss Lillian Thomasson who were a librarian at dat Shangh College. She tol a lot er 'bout de life in China which mus' not be wuth much dar now. Arizona, dar mus' be sumpin' wrong wid her caze she's got de nerve to say she's gwine right straight back over dar. Seems to me

effen I'd evêr gct away alive f'om dat shootin' an' bombin'
I'd hab de gumpshun to stay er way.

March, wid its sassy win' knocked at de do'r an' ushered
Miss Geo. W. Truett in. Here she come wid news fum dat fur
off place called Injia. She say a place heap mo hotter dan
dis place is. I say "Glory Be." I sho ain't huntin' it. She
say de people didn't wear hardly no clothes dar, I say, well,
fur as dat goes it ain't gct much on dis cuntry. She say dem
people over dar sho do need some preachment of de Bible an'
Christianity an' she know what fo she talk caze she's one er
de worl's chief trabillin' wimmens. When I hear dat name
Injia I allus thinks of dat po Mr. Gandy an' Lazrus wid his
'flictions.

De nex speaker whut Miss Stewart interjuced were dat Mr.
Foster Howard whut is de overseer an' supertendent of dat Art
Museum Art Gallery out at de Fair Groun's. He talked 'bout
de pictures an' varicus an' sun'dy desplays out dar. Well, de
day Miss Annie tuck me an' de chilluns out dar dere wan't no
'splays er no kine fur as I culd see an' it were so lonesome
lookin' I say "cum on Miss Annie an' lets take de chillen to
de zoo whar we kin see sum livin' movin' pictures."

Arizona, dat Kaintucky Club mus' er felt de need of
speritual treatment an' advisement caze dey had two preachers
one preacher's wife an' one livin' missionarry 'oman to confer
an' advise 'em. Dat Missionarry were de same as a preacher.
Seems lak dat were a purty good dose an' I hope it will soak
in deep ernuff to las' awhile.

Arizona, now days, lessen you keeps yo' sef befo' de

public yo' sho' will be los' in de shuffle an' Miss May Lizzie Chrestman say she ain't got no idea er dat Kaintucky Club not havin' de notoriety dat it deserves so she is de cheerman of de newspaper publishment committee. She's so tall an' hansom dat she jes natchelly mesmerize dem reporters to put in word fer word what she tell 'em. She tells 'em "effen any news is to be lef' out don't let it be 'bout dat Kaintucky Club, caze it's heap mo important dan de news 'bout dem Japs an' Chinamen's an' dat Mr. Hitler and Musserina all put togedder."

Arizona, you is heerd of whut is called a growin' han' ain't you? a pusson what jes stick a stick in de groun' an' fo' you know it it is in full bloom. Well, dat lubly Miss Carrico an' her committee Miss Kinnison is bawn wid whut dey calls a decoratin' han'. Dey kin jes pas dey han's over a few flowers an' ferns an' de mos' gorgeusome decorations will spring up whar ever dey want 'em. De tables is works er art.

Arizona, is you ever met Miss Kate Brainnin? Isn't you? Well, you don't know what you is missed in dis life. Miss Kate is de cheerman er dat famous Pine Mountain scholarship fun' you is heerd 'er 'bout. She don't hear nothin', an' she don't see nothin', an' she don't talk nothin' but it. Dars her themin' song an' Mr. Brannin, say she's got so she sings it in her sleep, an' he say he woosh she's git dem mountain' folks eddicated so's he cud hab a good night res' caze he don't feel very well no how. Ever time de club even whispers 'bout spendin' a little money fer to frolic, here cum Miss Kate, risin' up sayin' "well now be keerful 'bout

de money, you know dat scholarship have to be paid. She jes recent made six dollars fer it by sellin' calendars made by de mountain chillen. She sho do work hard to git dem chillen eddicated.

Arizona, its de little things in dis life dat makes dis worl' a mo happier place to live in. An' Miss Ruth Tennison, say it is jes as easy to be courteousome as 'tis Vercy Vicy, an' jes as easy to smile as 'tis to frown an' jes as easy to look pooty, which she do, as 'tis not to look dat way. A frienly smile an' warm han' clasp go a long way t'wards makin' fer happiness. She practice whut she preach, too, as cheer-man er dat courtesome committee.

I tole Mr. Will it took mo' committees to run dat Kaintucky Club dan it do to run Mr. Governor Alreads office. Dere is a whole wilderness of 'em dat I disrembers. I'd feel lak one er de los', tribes er Isreal tryin' to fin' my way outten de dessert effen I tried to remunerate 'em.

But I just mus' mention Miss Joanna Davis an' her sunshine committee what sen's flowers to des ick, visits de hospitals an' dem whats in sorer an' jes scatters sunshine all de year roun'.

An' dat ain't all dat club do. It he'ps de Red Cross an' de Communion chi's an' de Em'ty stockin' crusaders an' it filiates wid de City frigeration of wimmen's Clubs an' b'longs to de sewing circles of Ameriky.

Miss Hagan say dat club sho do owe her a bran new telephone caze she wo' hern plum out callin' de wimmens to be sho to go to de meetin's.

Miss J. J. Kyle an' her committee is de scouters an' dey scouted in twenty five new members what will be a fine edition to de club, sides bein' right smart he'p to de treasury.

Den two er three times enjurin de year dey has partys an' when dey frolics dey frolics. Long 'bout Thanksgivin' time Mr. Col. R. T. Daniel invites 'em to cum to his beautiful home over in Oak Cliff whar he meets 'em at de do'r an' tells 'em how welcome dey is. Jes lak Miss Thorne do at de meetin's whar she is hostess. Dey has a King's feasts in de way er refreshments what Miss Alice Adams an' her general 'rangements committee prepares. Miss Alice an' Miss Hackett say dey come f'om a lan' er milk an' honey de selves an' ain't use ter skimpy eatin' an' Miss Chambers say de same thing an' dey ain't nuthin' skimpy 'bout de plates dey han's you at de Colones house an' he allus has jes plenty er sho nuff Kentucky apple cider an' ginger cake too. He allus calls in some er his ole time fiddler fr'ens an' dey dance de square dances an' thing f'om cuttin' de pigeon wing to dancin' de Red Apple. He inginally axes 'em out in de early summer to a picnic in his yard, but Miss Annie say he ain't ax 'em dis spring, but she know he will caze he don't want to disappoint 'em.

One er de members is jes moved into a magnificent new home out on de Preston Road, whar Miss Alice an' her committee had annudder royal tea, one of de mos' talked 'bout in de history of de club, an' Miss Chambers baked six hundred cakes fer it. Umph! Miss Annie say she don't know if Miss Chambers is still livin' er not, she ain't seen her sence. Miss Annie didn't get to go to de tea, an' she were disappointed but when she

heard dey trable seventy five miles to git dar she say she were glad she didn't start. But, laws! Arizona, it was wuth gwine de seventy five miles caze dey made forty dollahs at de tea an' Miss Kate shout fer joy, an' say "Glory Be! han it right over, I wanna git it off tomorrer!" an' Miss Annie think she sont it right on.

Dere is jes one mo' skinterlatin' high light of de year to cum whut will send it out in er blaze er summer glory, an' dats dat yearly breakfas' at one o'clock at de Lakewood Country Club, Dat'll be de cap sheaf caze you'll see 'em in dere summer gauzery finery an' merry widder hats, an' as dey swing into dat Club, you wud think de Easter Parade could'nt hol' a candle to dem Kaintucky wimmen. Dat will jest take yo' breath away. Dey's gwinter to hab some music an' I hear dat Miss Bachrach is gwinter sing My Ole Kaintucky Home, an' I know Miss Anne gwinter 'company her by cryin'. Miss Allen tole Miss Annie dat in headin' fer de las roun' up in dis years work she's considers dis one er de banner years in de history ob de club an' dat dey will be ready fer nex year's work wid new intrus an' new thusiasm. One reason dat Miss Allen kin do sech festive an' satisfying Club work is caze Mr. Allen don't hender her. He's 'greeble to whut she want to do an' dat mak' a heap er diffence. Some of dese Club husban's is anything but 'greeble.

"Well, sis Milly said Arizona, I grees wid you when you say dat Kaintucky Club is sho one upstandin' an' 'portant one in dis State. I'll be gittin' long home now."

As she wended her way to her cabin in her white folks
back yard, a gentle breeze stirring the Chinaberry blossoms
caught up the fragrance and bore with it into the summer
dusk the refrain of mammy continuing to sing her themin' song.

"Dey sun shines bright in My Ole Kaintucky Home,
'Tis summer de darkies is gay,
De cawn tops ripe, an' de medders in de bloom,
Whi'lst de birds mak' music all de day."

Mrs. Josephine Obenchain.